

THE LAW'S SWIFT RELIEF.

Judge Keller, of West Virginia, who appears to have a large stock of injunctions on hand and ready for immediate use against the striking miners, has issued a new injunction at the instance of a New Jersey corporation against John Mitchell and some one hundred and fifty members of the United Mine Workers forbidding them from interfering with the operation of the mines and from using intimidation, threats or menaces against the employees.

The purpose of the injunction, Judge Keller declares, is to "prevent unlawful combinations and conspiracies" and to "restrain all of the defendants engaged in the promotion of such unlawful combinations and conspiracies and all other persons" from committing various unlawful acts.

Whether this injunction, issued immediately on an ex parte application, is good law or not does not matter. It is law as long as Judge Keller says it is law, and in construing its meaning and in punishing what he considers to be violations of it he is the sole authority. He alone decides what constitutes contempt of Court and fixes the penalty.

But if this is the law and if injunctions are so easy and effective why is it that the injunction remedy is so wholly ineffective and futile against another more dangerous form of "unlawful combination and conspiracy"? Why cannot the injunction be put on the other leg? Would an injunction be equally swift and effective against the unlawful combination and conspiracy of the Coal Trust? Does any one believe that it could be made as effective against the unlawful and criminal conspiracy of the Beef Barons? And if the answer to these questions must be a negative are not the people justified in asking whether we have one law for the United Mine Workers and another law for the illegal corporations and for the conspiring monopolists of trade?

The Realty Merger.—With the President of the Steel Trust prominent in the new realty organization there is reason to suspect where the structural steel will come from in buildings to be constructed by the new \$50,000,000 corporation.

MAYOR LOW AND THE POLICE.

Mayor Low has very promptly and properly called for a full report on the conduct of the police in dealing with Wednesday's disturbance at Grand and Sheriff streets, and his high character and calm judicial temperament may safely be relied on as a guarantee that the question will be fairly dealt with. It is to be regretted that Inspector Cross has taken it on himself to settle the question in advance of the action of his superiors. Both his report and his manner of making it show that his position could be more properly filled by some one else. But before passing an opinion on his course or on the conduct of any of the police it is the part alike of wisdom and of justice to await the evidence of an investigation which we have every assurance will be fair and impartial.

Rep Van Winkle Up to Date.—A gentleman out in Kansas City has been asleep for three months, and the doctors say it results from his habit of dozing on the car seats—a dreadful warning to all early-morning patrons of street cars.

THE NATIONAL DISGRACE.

The claim of the United States that it is the home of a civilized and law-abiding nation was again dishonored yesterday by the lynching of the negro Craven in Virginia. The fact that the crime was committed within thirty miles of the seat of Federal government may serve a useful purpose if it draws attention to the contrast between the pledge of liberty and justice conveyed by the stately structure of the capitol and the brutal outrage perpetrated almost within sight of its towering dome. Lynching is the national disgrace. It is the one form of crime unknown in all other civilized countries and the blot on our good name all over the world. The law is powerless to reach it, for it represents the lawlessness of the community which alone has power to punish it. Its extirpation must be the work of a more enlightened public opinion and of a higher sense of justice in the communities in which it prevails.

If Craven were really guilty of the murder with which he had been charged there could have been no difficulty in convicting and punishing him according to the law, and thus the disgrace to Loudoun County, to the State of Virginia and to the United States would have been averted.

The Empire State.—Now New York has an up-State gold mine. It can't come up to the one in Wall street.

THE MAYFLOWER'S DEERTERS.

The jacks who sail the ocean blue with the President have a saucy ship that is a beauty, the best a Golet could afford, and one improved by the addition of certain luxurious appointments made since she became the Chief Executive's official yacht. Its fore-castle is spick and span and its holystoned decks gleam in the sunlight. But they would they were elsewhere, even in the ratty hold of a decayed Provincetown whaler where the odors of fried blubber linger. So nine of them have deserted.

Men are not heroes to their valets, and these able-bodied seamen do not rate the honor of serving the President so highly as they might, especially when it is obtained at the expense of long watches and a denial of shore leave and tobacco. These exactions are the fault, they allege, of the executive officer, Lieut. Phelps. Bad language or abuse he never, never uses, but the old salts wish he would if with it they could receive a larger tobacco allowance and an occasional glass of grog. It would seem more homelike and remind them of old times in the roaring forties—the days when executive officers did not go to Sunday-school or expect a right good crew to be too everlasting good.

A WIFE'S DYED HAIR.

In the Bronner separation suit the allegation is made by the husband that his wife dyed her hair "a very improper shade of red." It does not appear that Mr. Bronner objects to dyeing; it is the inartistic way in which the dyeing is done and the inharmonious color scheme of his wife's head that he takes exception to. For the hair of a woman entirely pretty almost any tint will serve, though red of certain hues is somewhat trying even to chiselled features, and "the last red sunset belt" that belies the tall blonde with gold may fall of its beautifying effect if the tint is not just right.

When the case comes into court much enlightening information on the subject may be looked for. The courts are great educators. Are we not all poison experts as a result of the Mollinex and Carlisle Harris trials? The subject matter of the testimony and expert evidence in the Bronner suit is of unusual popular interest.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

HIS DOWNFALL.

He never gambled in his life.
In fact, was most discreet.
Till he was made by orange peel
"A plunger on the street."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"They tell me I have a porcelain complexion."
"I congratulate you on your skill in painting on porcelain."

A NATIVE CUSTOM.

"In England tenants often roast an ox on their landlord's birthday."
"Over here we're generally content to roast the landlord every day in the year."

HARD AND SOFT.

"He isn't a hard drinker. His favorite beverage is sarsaparilla."
"Oh, a soft drinker, eh?"

VIRTUE'S TRIUMPH.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."
"Yes, but by the time it's on its feet it'll be counted out by the lie that drowned it."

BORROWED JOKES.

SMALL BEGINNING.

Little goes of power;
"Tiny dabs of paint."
Make the little freckles
Look as if it ain't—Sphinx.

HE GOT HOT.

"What's the row?" asked the manager of the dime museum.
"The fire-eater went into the restaurant next door," answered the boarder, "and asked for a light lunch, and they set him out a candle and a box of matches."—Toledo Bee.

SECOND APPEARANCE.

"This meat," protested the boarder, "is overdone."
"Not exactly it ain't," replied the new waitress. "It's done over. This is the same meat you had yesterday."—Philadelphia Press.

QUITE CLEVER ENOUGH.

The Lady-Jack, why don't you write a book or paint a picture, or do something clever?
The Gentleman—Because I selected a millionaire for a father, and I think that was clever enough to last a lifetime.—Pearson's Weekly.

SOMEBODIES.

BERNHARDT, SARAH.—Is fifty-eight years old and does not adiestep when asked her age. Her chief hope is to live to be a great-grandmother.

HESTER, REV. CHARLES.—of Patriot, Ind., illustrates his sermons with crayon sketches.

MORROW, MRS. MARY L.—who has just died in Morristown at the age of ninety, was the last survivor of the fifty boxer girls who took part in the reception to Gen. Lafayette at Morristown, in 1825.

ROSS, EX-SENATOR.—who cast the deciding vote against the impeachment of President Johnson, is now settling type in an Albuquerque, N. M., newspaper office.

SULTAN OF TURKEY.—has given a tiny pony and carriage to the Kaiser's little daughter, Princess Victoria Louise.

VEST, SENATOR.—is becoming extremely feeble and no longer walks unattended. His eyes, too, have grown weak.

STEVENSON FOUNTAIN.

1014 Portsmouth Square, San Francisco. Perhaps from out the thousands passing by—
The city's hopeless lotos-eaters these.

Blown from the four winds of the seven seas
For common want to common company—

Perhaps some one may lift a heavy eye
And smile with freshening memories when he sees

Those golden pennons bellying in the breeze
And spread for ports where fair adventures lie

And oh, that such a one might stay a space
And taste of sympathy till to his ears

Might come a tale of him who knew
To suffer sweetly through the bitter years

To catch the smiles concealed in fortune's face,
And draw contentment from a cup of tears.

—Wallace Irwin in the Rubric.

HAVE WE FORGOTTEN JEROME?



To the Burg of Croton Water after twenty days of wandering Jerome comes, to draw nothing in the disks the Kaiser's squandering. New Yorkers have forgotten him. We have no rhyme in stock-nous To show how utter is the man's desuetude innocuous.

RECKLESS RASTUS.



HIS BELIEF.



OF COURSE.



BRIGHT BOY.



SURPRISE.



A ROMANCE.



ODDITY CORNER.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.

A dove once lived twenty-five years in a cage.

None of our common pets, the cats or dogs, live very long.

A horse cannot do much work after he is twelve or fourteen years old.

The wild beasts do not live long, but elephants are sometimes very old.

Carp are said to live hundreds of years, and pike are also hardy old fellows.

Fish are such selfish creatures that they ought to live long. They never get hot.

A cockatoo in a far-off country was a cheerful old pet when he was eighty-five years old.

There are some insects that live but a few hours. Some live but a day, and all of them are short-lived.

MUNICIPAL BRIDEGROOMS.

An amusing story is told of the crowning of the rose queen of a country district near Paris. The selected queen, as one of the formalities of awarding their dower, was asked by the Mayor for the name of her fiancé. "I have none," she replied. Notified that a sweetheart was indispensable the young lady added timidly: "I thought the municipality provided everything necessary." Straightway a young swain presented himself as an aspirant, and, being as promptly accepted, all things became regular and in order.—Pearson's Weekly.

NEW HAY FEVER CURE.

The nasal passages are said to have a surface area of not less than twenty square inches. A new preventive of hay fever is rubbing with surgical cotton twice daily, or as much of this inner surface, or mucous membrane, as can be reached. The massage hardens the membrane, lessening its over-sensitiveness.

TWO EASILY MADE TOYS.



THE DANDELION JUGGLER

To make a dandelion juggler, stick a short piece of straw through a pea, then place the pea on the end of a dandelion stem and blow; it will dance about in the air without falling away from the stem.

To make a red rover, get a good-sized cork and stick through it a sharp horseshoe nail and place three feathers in the top. Throw it by grasping the end of one of the feathers. It will always fall point first, like an arrow or spear, and stick in anything that is not harder than wood.

THE BOWERY GIRL'S VACATION.

Owen Kildare and "The Party" are as Two Daisies in the Wilderness.

Listen! A most well-intentioned man, after reading about The Party's hanging garden on the fire-escape, sent me an invitation—for two—to come to his place in the country that we might get better acquainted with flowers and things that grow.

Well, it's the good old summer time. The Party has long been a little white slave without a real holiday. I, too, was also a little played out from my literary labors—stop your laughing!—and we thought a vacation would be all right, all right.

"Let us fly to the country," I cried.

"No; better let us take a trolley," suggested the practical Party.

So for Coney Island and Fort George had been about our limit, and The Party got as excited as if we were going to Europe.

It was a swell place all right, and we were received like two members of the "400," but there wasn't much country about it—all lawns, benches and statues, and it looked almost like City Hall Park.

I said so, and they told us that a very short walk would bring us into fields and woods where we could meander to our hearts' content.

We had only walked a little way when we met a farmer who smiled, nodded and gave us a cheery "Good evening, folks."

"Do you know the jay?" asked The Party with suspicion, and put me in an embarrassing position.

You know, before The Party discovered that there was still a little good left in me I had never objected to meeting hayseeds who were on the Bowery for a good time; yet, hardly think I ever met this fellow before, or he wouldn't have been so pleased to see us.

A little further on we met another one and he also salutes us with "Good evening," and then we tumbled that that was a way of the country, and we thought it a nice custom, and The Party intended to try it in New York, which made me think she will have all kinds of experiences.

But meandering tires and when we came to something which, according to our opinion, was a dell, we plunked right down into the grass on the hillside and got ready to enjoy our first evening in the country.

I wish I were one of those fellows who can draw pictures in words to tell you of the beauty of the scene before us.

From where we sat, way into the distance, was a level ground of fields and grass running to a range of hills, which shut off the view like the back-drop on the stage, and which, at the moment, were topped by a halo of gold from the rays of the homing sun.

Not a sound, not a living being, if you will except an occasional bird swinging gracefully through the balmy air homeward bound to his nest.

We sat for hours, never saying a word—just looking a hole into the coming night—until I put my hand on hers and whispered: "Girl, o' mine."

She snuggled closer, I put my arm in its proper place, and we forgot all about supper.

Just then, like the serpent in Paradise, a train looking like a string of toy cars whisked snorting and puffing along the hills and shot right into them, leaving streams of white smoke behind.

It broke the spell, and we, aroused, found the stillness, now accentuated by many unknown noises and chirrups, oppressive.

"Ain't it quiet? Let's make a break," said The Party, and I, reading her mind, most willingly assented.

Misty vapors were now ascending from the fields, and we more stumbled than walked in the dim, hazy light of moon and stars along the ghostly, haunted road, hearing the breaking of a twig or the flutter of a bird with fast-beating heart.

I don't know how it happened, but we found ourselves at a little station, heard that a train would soon be along and, at last, were rolling home.

The Party was not herself until we landed in West street. Then, snuffing the air, she said with conviction: "There's nothing like this little village after all. If I was to be out there I'd go crazy from the quiet. I guess even the milkmen are too scared to bother out there."

And then we had two plates of "beef-and," and I took The Party home.

To C. S. B.—Many thanks for kind invitation, which was highly appreciated, but—let the above be the explanation for our French leave-taking. OWEN KILDARE.

MONSTER MUSHROOM.



This is one of the largest mushrooms ever found. It was grown by George W. Letterman, at Allentown, Mo., weighed seventy-five pounds when green, was edible, and would have made a meal for twenty men.

A BOY MARVEL.



This eight-year-old, Arthur Moser, of 3252 Vernon avenue, Chicago, is the most marvelous boy in the Windy City. At five he could tell quick as a wink on what day of the week any given date would fall. Now his brain is stored with a great mass of historical, Biblical, geographical and other information. He is especially up in American history. The boy is an incessant reader.

MOSQUITO'S HEAD.



The picture shows how the head of a mosquito looks under a microscope. The featherlike objects are his feelers and the point in the middle his proboscis.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Bureau of Vital Statistics.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can a person born in New York City find out the date of his birth?

JONAS MITCHELL.

Suggests a Sign.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I was particularly struck with a letter signed "Victim," "Persecuted," who says girls are stuck with his beauty and flirt with him. The young man asks advice from some one, any one, every one who might be similarly persecuted. I sympathize deeply with this handsome man, and really his beauty seems to be his curse. It is a shame that a "handsome, athletic-looking, well-dressed" man can't pose as the

corrupt without some horrid girls passing anonymously flattering remarks on him. I know it bothers the young fellow and he should be protected. I can only advise him to get a sign and carry it with him, matter something like this: "Girls: Stop! Please Not Follow Me."

Telling Me I Am Handsome—I Know JACK THOMSON.

Plan for New City.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
For the relief of the congested condition of Brooklyn Bridge, I suggest to run the Elevated train, or as many as necessary, through by the means of elevated tracks to the Sixth Avenue Elevated road, Manhattan, and on up through the business section of the city to about the terminus of the Sixth Avenue

line "L" during rush hours in the morning if not practicable all day. Then of an evening during rush hours have the Brooklyn train come down the Sixth Avenue "L," pick up passengers at the various stations and on to Brooklyn.

ROBERT MEYER.

On the Training of Children.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
"S. C. S." Ideas on the training of children are very good, but I do not agree with her in every particular. I think my mother's method was the best one I ever heard of. From babyhood I was trained to obey her and she was always most sweet and gentle. When she called me to her I think something desperate would have happened to me

if I had dared to be saucy to her; and once having called or spoken to me she did not repeat her command. I generally knew what was good for me and obeyed. But if I did not, when I came in, she did not "gently remonstrate" with me, as "S. C. S." suggests, that a mother should do. She made herself very comfortable in an easy chair and asked me so soundly that I did not feel inclined to disobey her for a long time. My impression is that the reason children are unruly in these days is because they are not spanked.

BLANCHE.

Lightning Precedes Thunder.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In a storm accompanied by thunder and lightning which precedes, the thunder or the lightning?

HENRY WOLFE.

MILLIONS OF PEACHES.

One of Connecticut's largest fruit growers says that the peach crop of that State this year will probably reach 1,000,000 bushels, which would break the record. There are 2,000,000 peach trees in Connecticut, and many of the orchards will come into bearing for the first time this season.